Of all the Court and Princes of my blood.
The hope and expectation of thy time,
Is ruin'd, and the ſoule of every man
Prophetically doe fore-thinke thy fall:
Had I ſo laviſh of my preſence beene,
So common hackneied in the eyes of men,
So ſtale and cheape to vulgar company,
Opinion that did helpe me to the Crowne,
Had ſtill kept loyall to poſſeſſion,
And left me in reputeleſſe baniſhment.
A fellow of no marke nor likelihood.
By being ſeldome ſeene, I could not ſtirre,
But like a Comet I was wondred at,
That men would tell their Children, This is he:
Others would ſay, Where? which is *Bullingbrooke*?
And then I ſtole all courteſie from heaven,
And dreſt my ſelfe in ſuch humility,
That I did plucke allegiance from mens hearts:
Loud ſhoutes and ſalutations from their mouthes,
Even in the preſence of the Crowned King.
Thus I did keepe my perſon freſh and new,
My preſence like a robe pontificall,
Ne're ſeene, but wondred at, and ſo my ſtate,
Seldome, but ſumptuous, ſhewed like a feaſt,
And wanne by rareneſſe ſuch ſolemenity.
The skipping King, he ambled up and downe,
With ſhallow jeſters, and raſh bavin wits,
Soone kindled, and ſoone burnt, carded his ſtate,
Mingled his royalty with carping fooles;
Had his great name prophaned with their ſcornes,
And gave his countenance againſt his name,
To laugh at gybing Boyes, and ſtand the puſh
Of every beardleſſe vaine comparative,
Grew a companion to the common ſtreets,
Enforc't himſelfe to popularity,
That being daily ſwallowed by mens eyes,
They ſurfeited with Hony, and began to loath
The taſte of ſweetneſſe, whereof a little,

More then a little, is by much too mu
So when he had occaſion to be ſeene,
He was, but as the Cuckow is in Ju
Heard, not regarded: ſeene but with
As ſicke and blunted with communit
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on ſun-like Majeſty,
When it ſhines ſeldome in admiring
But rather drowzd, and hung their
ſlept in his face, and rendring ſuch aſ
As cloudy men uſe to doe to their ad
Being with his preſence, glutted, gorg
And in that very line, *Harry*, ſtandeſt t
For, thou haſt loſt thy Princely privil
With vile participation. Not an eye
But is a weary of thy common ſight,
Save mine, which hath deſired to ſe
Which now doth that I would not h
Make blind it ſelfe with fooliſh tend
Prin. I ſhall hereafter, my thrice
Be more my ſelfe. *King.* For all
As thou art to this houre, was *Richar*
When I from *France* ſet foote at *Rave*
And even as I was then, is *Percy* now
Now by my ſcepter, and my ſoule to bo
He hath more worthy intereſt to the
Then thou, the ſhadow of ſucceſſio
For of no right nor colour like to rig
He doth fill fields with Harneſſe in th
Turnes head againſt the Lyons armed
And being no more in debt to yeares th
Leads ancient Lords, and reverent Biſh
To bloudy battels, and to bruſing arme
What never-dying honour hath he g
Againſt renowned *Dowglas*? whoſe h
Whoſe hot incurſions and great name
Holds from all ſouldiers chiefe Majo
And military title capitall,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV Part 1* (STC 22287) LONDON, 1639 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 37